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LETTERS EDITOR:

Nick Logan

when Purple have more soul (listen to "Mistreated"), and a wider instrument range (Lord's synthesizer) than before? The title track is as good as anything Purple have ever done.

As for CSM, he can shove his remarks up his volumptuous (sic) ass. — **DISGUSTED ROCK FREAK, Cheltenham, Glos.**

■ **The NME wishes to apologise for Charles Shaar Murray, who's really quite an agreeable fellow and kind to his mother too. Though standing four-square behind his review, Mr. Murray will if pressed (and particularly when held over a naked flame) concede that in a moment of heavy metal fatigue he may have hit the button marked CRITICAL OVER-KILL in mistake for the one marked INFORMED CYNIC (sorry, CRITIC). Nevertheless, does even CSM deserve the one-word message dispatched to him by D. Purple and contained in anagramic form at the end of this paragraph so as not to offend the more sensitive among our readers? SO-CKBOLL!**

Meanwhile, Lester Bang's ELP article continues to draw heavy fire . . . — NL.

I HAVE just read your interview with ELP. At least I tried to read it, but I did not understand most of it. Could you please explain in ordinary language what you meant in the paragraph beginning, quote:

"Perhaps what really paved the astroturf for ELP was '2001' . . ." and ends, ". . . it's worse than electicism, it's eugenic entropy by design, and Emerson and cohorts are more than mere fellow travellers."

This is the paragraph I did not understand. — **DIANE SMEETON, Handsworth, Sheffield, Yorkshire.**

P.S. What's happened to Seth Nettles? I can't really believe there's somebody with the name Lester Bangs. (Does he?).

■ **Sounds like a cue for the Tony Blackburn joke corner: "Sex In The Armoury" by Lester Bangs. As for the aforementioned Bangs paragraph, I wish I knew myself. At a guess, how about: "Kind sir, please remove your amplification system — it's standing on my toe." Never mind Seth Nettles, here comes Conan of Cimmeria, axe poised for combat. — NL.**

OKAY CSM, this is it! You've really done it this time! Calling me and the group a bunch of muscular dummies! Any more of this and I'll wrap Elric's sword round your scrawny neck! — **CONAN AND FRIENDS, Cimmeria.** (Now on tour through most Hyborian Kingdoms).

P.S. My battle axe could beat that "Stormbringer" anyday.

SO DJM Records are going to release Elton John's "Candle In The Wind." Great, but how about getting down to producing more copies of the "Yellow Brick Road" album first?

I've had a copy on order since the beginning of this year

Burn, reviewer baby, burn

JON LORD/D. PURPLE. See column 1.

Gasbag

Write to NME, 128 Long Acre, London WC2E 9QH. We read them all, and publish as many as we can.

singles can be pressed using generator power, albums can not — and with a double album the problem is even greater. We are pressing as many copies as we are able to at present. Miners willing, we hope to catch up with demand as soon as possible."

Thank you Mr. James, and while on the subject of miners.

I'D LIKE to congratulate Bob Edmands on his excellent article in the Feb. 23 issue. He may well ask "where are the rock radicals?" when one member **(Ian McLagan)** of that group often feted as "good working-class lads" the Faces was quoted in a recent interview as saying "F . . . the miners."

A succinct well thought out comment from the working-class lad "made good." The **"leader" of the same** group Rod Stewart openly supports the Liberal party. How does he equate this with his much-publicised working-class background?

There are no "radicals" in rock or any other type of music. Working class heroes don't drive about in Mercedes or Rolls Royce motor cars even if the license plate is YOB 1.

No, they organise and fight for and with the workers. They are men like Jimmy Reid and Mick McGahey who live in council houses not 30-room mansions in the country.

When working-class people do make good in any field, they are soon corrupted by wealth and the trappings of a privileged position. How many of us could resist it? But what is worse is that these few are able to be used as examples by a system which justifies its rat race principles by saying: "These people have made it. So could you if you were not a listless lazy member of the lower classes."

Radicals act. They don'tjust sing about it while lining their own pockets and inflating record company profits. — **JOHN KELLY, Manchester.**

WHAT A horrible surprise Bob Edmands' article was. What he does himself, he objects to in other people. He complains of lack of sympathy over miners' deaths, but sneers at anyone who has any compassion for a superstar's death.

Alright, a famous person's stresses and difficulties are widely publicised, but that doesn't lessen them. Pain and depression and death are the same whether you're rich or poor, and people don't take overdoses for the fun of it.

If Bob Edmands can say a star who destroys himself with drugs, taken to relieve the pressures on himself, is an idiot, he may as well say the miners are idiots for going into a dangerous job.

Why do the miners need the support of rock stars? They have the power, and are apparently willing to use it, to bring the country to a complete standstill. Which rock star has that? And which one will have the hypocrisy to say "Give the miners more money — but don't take any off me."

Besides, the article is totally one-sided. Why not condemn the miners' leaders, who have no interest in settling the dispute, no matter what hardship it causes their own union members?

I should like to add that I am working-class and belong to no political party. However, articles like Bob Edmands' are enough to turn anyone fascist. I hope he's glad to learn this. Seig Heil! — **J. M. STONE, Chiverton, Nr. Chester.**

WHAT CAN I say but thanks for Bob Edmands' brilliant article. It's one of the best things I've read on the miners, and on the lack of genuine political commitment in the rock biz. It's been a breath of fresh air after the garbage I've had to put up with from the rest of the mass media. — **FRIEDA PARK, East Kilbride.**

PLEASE TELL John, Peter, Betty, Cilla, Nan and Bobbie (Gasbag, Feb.16) that Marianne Faithful is great and we know all about wot she went through at school because we're in 4th year at St. Joseph's Convent and it's hell. — CYDONIE AND ANGE, Thatcham, Newbury.

P.S. This letter was conceived.

WHY DID David Bowie win the title Top Male Singer of the year in your poll? Rod Stewart is obviously better. Bowie can't sing—he sounds like a constipated hyena — and there's nothing so very male about him either. He's just a cosmic haemorrhage — rock's fourth-rate answer to Danny La Rue. — **CONSEULO, Llanishen, Cardiff.**

■ **In answer to this and all the other letters that have arrived or will be arriving along the same lines: David Bowie/Maggie Bell/ Yes won the Male Singer/Female Singer/Top Band titles in the NME Readers Poll because NME readers voted for 'em. It's a Readers Poll. Anyway, everybody knows that Bobby Crush and Malcolm Roberts could lick the faggy gink and that brandy-swilling toilet brush with their hands tied behind their backs, a dildo down their throats and a . . . (Shut up — God) . . . — N.L.**

THE FEATURE on Jim Croce (NME, Feb. 2) was both excellent and overdue. Why he has never received recognition in this country is debatable, but probably wasn't helped by his record company's disinclination to release his big U.S. No. 1 hit of last summer "Bad, Bad Leroy Brown" — which must be the outstanding single of last year — as an A-side.

Croce's albums simply burst with melodies and atmosphere, the hallmarks of the great songwriters. Let's hope his monopoly of the U.S. chart will make some impression in Britain.

It's a shame Bob Edmands didn't get around to mentioning Croce's third album, "I Got A Name", which recently topped the U.S. charts and is a fine example of "hook" technique. — **TOM STUART, St. Andrews, Fife.**

I'M SAYING "Pin-Ups" is very good, and anybody who disagrees I shall have on toast with pickled onions. — **IAN MacDONALD FAN, Huntingdonshire.**

■ **Sorry, Ian's not in today. — N.L.**

WHO IS this Nick Kent creep? Was he brought up on Bob Dylan flip-sides or does he just wanna get into Lol Creme's pants? What's this shuffle about "Wall Street Shuffle" being better than McCartney's sound on "Band On The Run"?

Look mate, the day 10cc can write songs like Paulie can, the world will end. As for the comment concerning "Donna" and Zappa's "Reuben And The Jets", well that takes a lot of beating. Who started this jet business anyway? Bloody "Donna" superior to, for example, "Anyway The Wind Blows"?

I sincerely hope he thinks Zappa will sit up and take notice of the 10cc phenomenon. Oh how blind we all can be! Yours rather excitedly. — **RUDOLF, Bell Street, Dundee.**

■ **Meanwhile, more on the continuing saga of a man whose name we shall carry in anagramic form at the end of this sentence so as not to offend the more sensitive of our readers. EON! — N.L.**

I WENT TO a lot of trouble getting a ticket for the Brian Eno concert at Derby's Kings Hall. I must have spent at least a £1 phoning up Derby every ten minutes. At last, the tickets arrived on Monday, two days before the concert.

I phoned the bus stations in Leicester, the bus stations in Derby, Loughborough. You name it, I phoned it. I then thought about trains: no trains. Then I thought about taxis, but this would have cost me £5.

So there was no way of getting back to Leicester from Derby. The last train or bus would be back at 9 o'clock at the latest. So next time Eno has a concert tour, I suggest he comes to Leicester. Or buses should start running later than 9 o'clock — because I have now got a useless unused Eno ticket, which I wasted 80p on. Ta-ra. — **SALLY MACKAY, Wigston Magna, Leicester.**

■ **That's the saddest story to come the way of us world-weary cynics in a long time. Better luck next time. Maybe we can compensate by rustling up a . . . Oh hang on a minute, Richard of Ripley is itching to get something off his chest. — N.L.**

YOU ALREADY have a section for the Best New Band in your readers poll. How about one for the most lousy, useless, pathetic, etc., etc., new band? My vote would go to the person who has just robbed me of 80p. His name, can I say it without swearing? . . . ENO.

Together with a troup of performing clowns called The Winkies, he reached a new low level in the standard of rock music. Eno proved how brilliant he is at pretending to be a keyboard player. I don't think he knows what a piano even is.

For the first half hour, they churned out rubbish, but then he mentioned the Who. I sat up in my seat. Then they entered into a miserable apology for "I'm A Boy". Too much: I had to leave and be sick.

A warning to Mr. Eno: take your Wonkies or whatever

survey of the annals of rock will reveal that every record made has hitherto contained some good point somewhere in its grooves. "Here Come The Warm Jets", however, consists of 100% unexpurgated garbage. — **BRIDGET FIDGET, Southampton.**

■ **Uhmmm . . . well how about an album token and you can make up your own mind.**

I'M VERY perverted and it would really thrill me if Richard Carpenter had dressed as Karen Carpenter and vice versa for their appearance in Birmingham. Perhaps this would finally convince people that Birmingham is oh so kinky, and that the Carps really can get it on.

If Richard opened his blouse buttons, then it would at last be revealed what colour bra Karen wears — but I can't help that. — **CHRIS HADLEY, Harbourne, Birmingham. (Thanks for your policy of allowing freedom of sexual expression. I'm a boy by the way.)**

■ **OK Chris, but who needs convincing? Well, BBC-TV for one. The following is one of many letters received in answer to our request for a show of hands from those who prefer Old Grey Whistle Test in its Sunday spot. — N.L.**

HERE! HERE! My hand is up high. My Sundays of sheer enjoyment, when I sat back and was sufficiently awake to enjoy a damn good prog, are now a memory.

Now it is back to the grind of forcing myself (which is rarely possible) after a hard day's work to try and enjoy some decent music and to-gather up the energy to reach out a weary hand to turn the box up every time Bob Harris comes on.

Yes! I'll say I prefer "The Old Grey Whistle Test" in its Sunday spot. — **JOHAN RHODES, St. Pauls Cray, Kent.**

WHY DID you print a pic of Lou Reed in the Teazers column last week? And why did he have a bolt sticking out of the side of his neck (Bring back Washboard Willie). — S.R., London.

And now, a Very Silly One . . .

WILL YOU please stop printing misleading information in your paper. Today I purchased the offending document and what did I viddy on the front page? There, for all the world to see, was (in very big letters) "ELP FOR WEMBLEY".

"What," I thinked, "is McGarry going to do without the undoubted goalscoring talents of John Richards in favour of Keith Emerson at centre-forward? Does he honestly believe that Greg Lake can ably deputise for Mick Bailey? And can Carl Palmer keep out the talented Marsh, Law & Co. with only his synthesised percussion?"

Then I turned the page and found that they were only going to play some silly music thing.

I'm sure you can do better than this, droogies. If news of this reached that nice Mr. Hardaker at St. Annes, it would surely send him round to Molineux to demand ELP's registration forms. Please try to be more careful in future. — **JOHN HAYS, Blackpool.**

P.S. I thought that the ELP interview was good cause I don't like them either. I hope Lester Bangs isn't too upset by all the nasty things them ELP freaks said.

CONGRATS on last week's NME features on three of my faves. Van Morrison (excellent interview), Roger McGuinn and Steely Dan all in one issue.

ON SUNDAY, February 10, I went to see Roy Wood's Wizzard at Ipswich Gaumont. The show was opened by a neat set from Raymond Froggatt. Then there was a ½-hour break for Wizzard's equipment to be

ABLITT (Ex Roy Wood fan), Ipswich.

I HAVE just returned from Wizzard's (or rather a disco with occasional live music from Raymond Froggatt and Wiz-

short set of half-an-hour, they left the stage. The audience was astonished at this hasty exit, and stayed waiting for an equally fast reappearance. But after 15 minutes of continued protest from the packed audi-

was forced to cancel a load of gigs and go straight to bed on doctor's orders — as I had a suspected ulcer.

"That night I was suffering from a bad throat and had two houses to get through. I could